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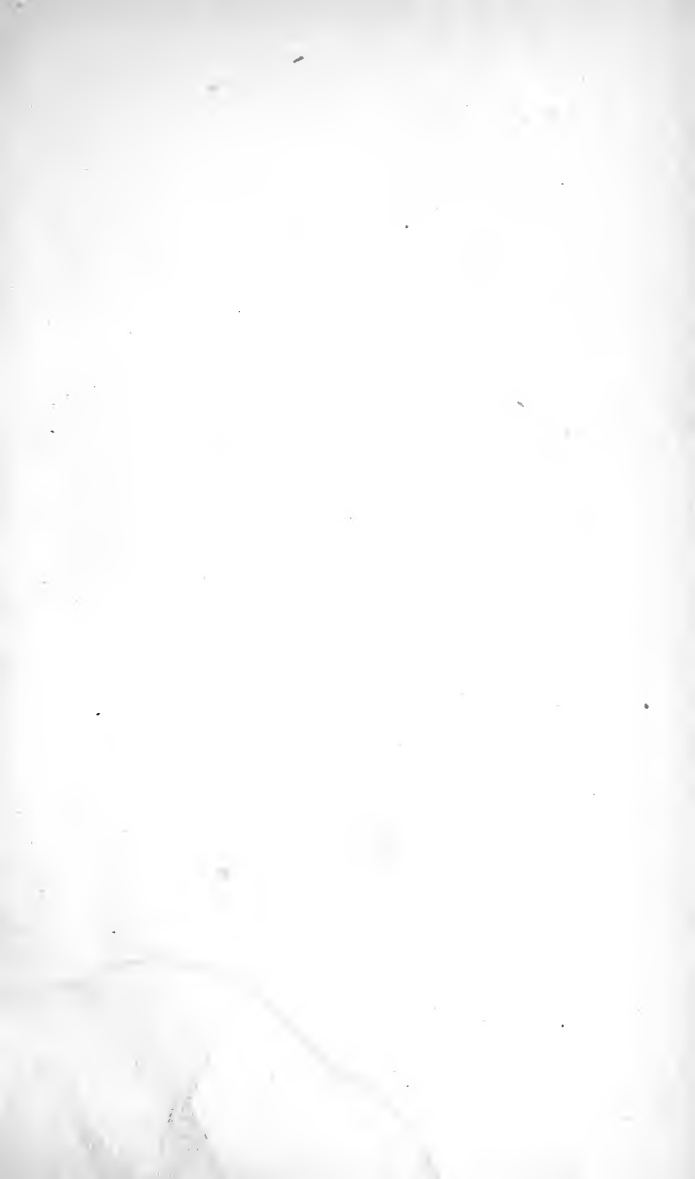
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MIDNIGHT

OTHER POEMS

BY THE AUTHOR

NEW YORK: THE CENTURY CO. 1900

MIDNIGHT,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

33

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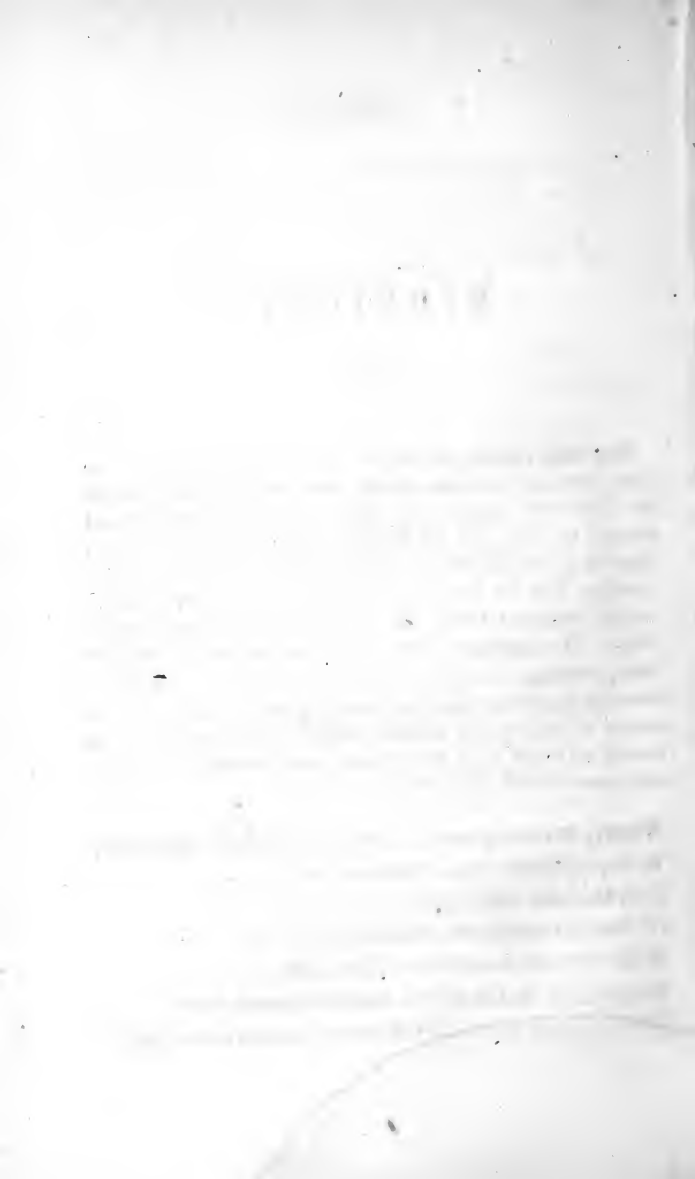
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## M I D N I G H T.



THE king Josiah mentioned in the following, was that pious monarch of Judah of the same name, who overthrew the idolatrous images and temples which the people had erected to Baal, and the other prevalent heathen deities; Obadiah is his favorite counsellor, one who incites and encourages him in his pious warfare with idolatry; and is merely imagined, there being none such mentioned in the Bible. The poem, of which the following was the Second Book, proving to be longer than the opportunities and patience of the author allowed, was intended to carry an entire course of action to a greater length; but from the above reason, as much as is given below, was arranged as a separate poem, complete in itself.

NIGHT, covering all the land, concealed base men,  
Who, at their altars various and wide,  
Polluted all her silent hours with cries  
Of foolish madness offered to the moon,  
With human sacrifices; Satan kept  
These ever in his sight, and stationed round  
With subtle watching demons whose command

Was madness to instill in them that cried,  
And keep off cooler thoughts, the slow return  
Of reason, which if harbored, would destroy  
Their loose insanity : this guard he keeps  
Always about immortals, mortal here,  
For everlasting slavery to him  
Hereafter, and so builds his growing state.  
He shares himself this watch, for often placed  
He is his own close sentinel ; so plans  
This subtle monster ; darkness is his home ;  
Light which discloses his deformity,  
Deformity disclosed to angel's ken,  
He fears and shuns ; yet light and day he meets  
Audacious, oft unpunished, when his schemes  
Compel him leave his shade ; but in mid air  
Before the morning or the noonday sun  
He loathes to meet with seraphs, lest their eyes  
See him less glorious than of old he winged  
Superior flight to theirs, when raised aloft,  
He swept heaven's empyrean, seen afar  
Archangel proudest, nearest to the throne,  
Brightest and thought the happiest ; when he fell  
Astonishment was boundless throughout heaven.  
To-night he thus addressed his dark compeer,  
Beelzebub, that other fiend scarce less  
In power and pride : " How often shall we dread,  
O friend ! being gods, our failing votaries,  
These changeful men, who never keep the same ?



To-day observant, rebels all to-morrow ?  
Thee king, O Baal ! declare what crowds obeyed  
Last night, yea, do this hour, esteeming thee  
A god, who devil art : to thy dark wings  
They add effulgence ; power where thou art weak,  
In heaven I mean, o'erlooking occupant  
The mighty Presence who controls all things.  
But forward look in time, see and despise.  
Behold these same admiring multitudes  
Ashamed to mention Baal, afraid to lift  
Their adoration to the full-orbed moon !  
Thee they regard and others thy compeers,  
No longer honorable, potent gods,  
But wicked, base, and shameful ; led by one  
Puffed up with pride to abolish from his land  
Both thee and me, with all our train ; his hope  
Our overthrow, when after drawing out  
From hell her fullest forces, then by prayer,  
To call for Heaven's strong succor, and condemn  
Back whence they came, our proud advancing  
hosts.

But me he loathes, he loathes ! then am I scorn  
Even to a king ? By this whereon I sit,  
Hell's throne, thou shalt endure worse fate than  
fall

From thine distracted, haughty man ! than be  
Trodden and sick at heart ! for here dragged down  
Beneath this seat implore and sue in vain.

Then shalt thou see him glorious whom thy tongue  
Presumes to spurn ! O sad uncertain state !  
O destiny not fit for one that flew  
Unclouded in his splendor once through heaven !  
To be at times the thing despised of men !  
To be a mortal's spue ! What does it help  
My dignity once marred, if hundreds die,  
If millions here come crawling racked by fear,  
And all be hurled far off to ceaseless woe  
And undecaying fire ? the blot remains,  
The insult is repeated or may be !  
Thus I, hell's sovereign, hold a lame control.  
Thee, too, Beelzebub, such fate attends."

The other answered choking with his spleen :  
" What things are hourly done I hear and see,  
O Satan ! and I wish we used more wrath  
Against these fickle crowds whom I despise  
As much as thou, and altogether hate.  
Call not unfaithful devils ! men display  
Worse treachery, for which if it occurred  
Within hell's limits, neither thou nor I  
Would mutter what they underwent for dread."  
Thus he, enraged ; to whom the subtle fiend  
Disclosed his purpose. " Hear, Beelzebub !  
Thou chief of many legions, never liked  
So much as when important things require  
Thy ready skill and daring enterprise !  
This King Josiah, whom thou and I detest,

Is bold to rise against us, he a man,  
And we strong spirits ; therefore we shall go  
Superior in this contest 'gainst his pride ;  
Let us afflict his soul with midnight fears ;  
By secret art raise in his bosom dread,  
Strange horrors and disquiet unexplained :  
These shall obstruct him ; or by plans which fail,  
Failing by us, his weary heart will droop  
Discouraged and give o'er when he shall see  
Rise up rebelling every where his realm.  
Though he be king, yet must he still respect  
His meanest subject, not forbidding him  
Encourage and retain his private thoughts.  
The sentiments of all men are their own :  
The king may rule the land, but not their minds  
Who there inhabit ; if he use his power  
Unjust, the pure unconquerable thought  
Defies his chains, and struggles unto death.  
Come, I will soon stir up this latent fire,  
Which needs but touch to set it on a blaze !  
Fair human right ! I hold thee as a gem,  
Precious and rare, found by a miner's hand  
Beneath the earth ! Who can oppose a plea  
So fond, though men be various and false ?  
This most will lead the sober minds astray ;  
Sages will cherish it, the good revere,  
Esteeming statutes impotent to mar  
Man's inner liberty of thought and faith.

All human government is meant to be  
Outward and open ; inwardly the soul  
Retires inviolate, and laughs to scorn  
The peeping hindrances, which can not force  
Their ingress, but are barred and bolted out.  
Though now be not the age to practise this  
With full success, (a later time shall give  
More scope,) yet still what I can do I will,  
And raise Josiah a foe not understood,  
Unknown till now, portentous and not quelled."

"O chief!" the other fiend exclaimed, "how  
dark,

How wise thy counsel ! now I do not doubt  
Thy greater skill, nor thy true right to be  
Acknowledged above all shrewdest in hell !  
Nor wonder that thy plans first sprang to birth,  
To compass heaven when firmest and untouched  
By our rebellion : not a word had yet  
Been whispered, nor a sidelong glance been cast  
By discontented seraph, until thou  
Didst gather from thyself thy subtlety,  
And by thy strength didst wage disastrous war ;  
Nor when thy mind inventive framed new arms,  
Explosive forces, bearing ruin vast  
Amidst the heavenly battle-fields, thou wert  
Wiser than now in raising up for men  
This latest idol plausible and true.  
It seems a virtue ; yea, it often is

Genuine good when despots o'erstep  
Their settled bounds, and give their private will  
For universal law ; then liberty  
Shines out with candor, loved and praised by all.  
But subtle questions blind the intellect ;  
Wrong goes for right ; right suffers for a wrong.  
Advance, O Satan ! multiply their doubts !  
Confuse their minds, and make them choose thy  
thoughts ;

Instill with wary art, and loose their hold  
On goodness, truth, and old stability !  
By this most can we thwart this upstart king,  
Who, young, esteems as naught experience  
And all our powers ; and calling out in prayer,  
Gets aid, and causes us much shame and loss."

Then Satan answered : " Well I know, O Baal !  
This will increase his troubles, but I wish  
To chill with fear his proud triumphant heart.  
Ere day approach, (lo ! now the midnight hour !)  
I'll summon yonder imp and send him forth  
On secret errand." Speaking thus, he waved  
His hand where crouched frightened and mute a  
fiend

For fear of him, lest some outrageous wrath  
Sudden as felt before arise, and hell  
Quake measureless with terror ; such the dread  
They have whom Satan rules ; beneath his eye  
They cower, and flee when flight betrays no scorn.

Then Satan gave him orders while he heard :  
“Go close Abdiah, and whisper in the ear  
Of Judah’s king wild monstrous thoughts ; his  
heart

While he sleeps touch, sit nightmare on his  
breast ;

Distract his soul with vagaries, or chill  
With ennui, languor, weariness, and woe.  
Assume all shapes, and if in light there be  
More fitting power appear in this, or seem  
Seraph with virtue’s garb about thee thrown !”

The fiend with low obeisance mounting flew  
With either arm outspread, and crossed the space  
Of outer hell ; thence entering on the void  
Which separates his dark abode from worlds,  
Faster he strained his flight with skillful wing  
And steadfast searching eye. Afar ahead  
First scarce detected, glimmer out faint stars,  
Acquiring light and place ; a comet gleams  
Upon the verge of worlds, and now grows less  
Departing ; other stars in crowds appear,  
And forward heaven glitters and shines like night  
To men on earth, save those familiar groups  
Whose names and shapes we know ; soon he ar-  
rives

Among their ranks, and cuts the comet’s path  
Athwart his orbit, skirting front and rear  
Unnumbered suns ; he traverses wide fields

Of nebular and mazy light, and marks  
Far opposite our sun, and with approach  
Detects the planets rolling round his fire :  
Unwearied yet his spirit-wings of flight :  
By Mars he shoots from having nearly touched  
More distant Jupiter amid his moons,  
And crossed the broken planet's ancient path ;  
At dead of night descending silently  
He reaches earth, and casting towards the seats  
Of Egypt eyes of longing, reads her crime  
In lighted halls and shameless revelry :  
Then turns to fair Jerusalem, whose streets  
More silent, do not glare with ruddy lamps  
From open doors, but lay in sombre shade,  
Save where they widen and the moon's full orb  
By nothing hid, or tower or wall shines down  
With flood of solemn light ; though still the walks  
The close shut tenements with impious rites  
Were then profaned, if any there feared Baal,  
And held their orgies, disregarding that  
Determined law which King Josiah gave,  
That unto idols none should offer up  
Erroneous worship ; him they disobeyed,  
Subservient unto sin and secretly  
Corrupt ; so half the entire city led  
This life of disobedience, to the eye  
Of heaven now deemed mature for overthrow :

But those that feared the king and revered  
God,

Invaded not the night with wakeful acts,  
But slumbering let repose steal hours away,  
While they in placid dreams renewed their  
strength.

These faithful servants of their God and king  
He sorrowful observed : " In slumbers drowned  
Too blest for me to meditate upon,  
Fortunate mortals ! ye prolong your peace !  
By day contented, night has no alarms.  
For you no terrors lurk in loneliness  
Or silent shade, because your breasts are clear.  
Your peace casts no soft ray of tenderness  
On our parched souls, nor do your glances light  
A beam in ours ; we miserable view  
And still despair from certainty of pain  
And endless permanence of woe : but you,  
Ye other class, who weary night with cries,  
Mistaken fools ! slaves to a wily snare  
Towards us you tend, towards us and our hard  
lot !

We see the hour when we shall stand disclosed  
Before you, not as Bel or Astoreth  
Great, powerful, and glorious gods, but base  
In our deformity and gloomy heat :  
Ye, shuddering and confounded, shall shrink  
back,



But can not far ; before, behind, all sides,  
We unrelenting stand, and shall inflict  
Your penalties more real than affright ;  
Thence to thick glooms and heavy sorrows drive.”  
Such things revolving as he reached the door  
Before the royal palace he observed  
A shape not there unknown ; but whom he left  
Behind when leaving hell, whom after him  
To try good Obadiah with like arts,  
And secret subtleties, Beelzebub  
Dismissed with speed ; their salutation made  
And objects known, Abbon, (so name the fiend,)  
Casting a scowl of fury, thus exclaimed :  
“ How hard is this our servitude become !  
What pitiful and feeble lackeys ! I,  
For pride compels me utter burning thoughts,  
I can not longer bend and play the fool.  
My sovereign nods, I rise and prostrate fall ;  
He speaks, I am attentive ; he commands,  
To other end of universe I flee ;  
In all a slave ; yet he’s inferior  
To many and many an angel that now roams  
Celestial scenes where shackless fancy leads.  
Ah ! blest existence whence we fools were cast !  
Were cast ! and by whose means ? by his that now  
Condemns us to new hardships, using us  
As if our nature were beneath his own,  
And not his kin ; the same in origin,

In fall, in wickedness ; but power to him,  
To us its lack : he schemed of old in heaven ;  
Be this our pattern now ; as he once taught  
Let us be apt and give him what he gave  
His King, rebellion ; let us stir up Hell  
With blind confusion, drawing after us  
His discontented armies, and engage  
With these his menial remnant in a war  
Horrid and fatal to his easy state.  
Him, when the rumor comes, his heart shall fail ;  
His boastful courage shall die out, because  
An equal, yea, superior fortitude  
Shall meet his own, and injuries shall add  
What most he lacks, a thirst for quick revenge.”

He paused to mark th’ effect of what he said,  
But noticed that Abdiah trembled lest  
For words so rash, secreted Satan might  
Appear with hundred horrors, and with ire ;  
For one so various and forever found  
Where least expected, was not surely known  
To be where being, and where absent fled ;  
At one, or both, or none, their subtle lord ;  
And not his chosen counsellors could guess  
At any time where he retired or staid.  
Abdiah, therefore, shuddering while his ear  
Received such bold intelligence, exclaimed :  
“ Abbon, fool-hardy fiend, once I esteemed  
Thy nature cautious, but these words have shown

How foolish thou and weak ; reflect how long  
Satan has held unquestioned power and ruled  
Spirits mightier and warier than thou !  
Has Moloch ever risen against his face,  
Beelzebub, and whom the wiliest fiend  
We hold in Hell ? Abandon idle dreams ;  
Rest, troubled spirit, much as devil can !  
Repress ambition, for remember now  
How pitiless is Satan when aroused  
To active fury ; merely now contempt  
He casts at thee ; provoke him not to drag  
To unexampled tortures thy weak frame.”  
To him retorted Abbon : “ Oh ! how base !  
How cowardly ! who once before the front  
Of Michael, ledst a gallant troop to war !  
Not then did I surmise that servitude  
Could wear thy courage, quell thine ardent soul,  
Till they that followed thee grew shamed to see  
Thy valor falter ! Though thy band were few,  
Subordinate division of a host  
Obeying Moloch, by him brought to meet  
Heaven’s warlike legions, still none gained a name  
Upon that field for courage more than thou  
And thy companions ; I recalling this,  
Am now astonished at the sudden change :  
Though well I know the wearisome hard lot  
Which thou hast borne, and still dost bear, and  
learn

From every hand how it subdues the heart,  
Controlling it with heaviness, and cold  
Inanimate indifference to the call  
Of furious spirit ; yet remember now  
That magnanimity is chiefly shown  
By bearing up against the blows of fate ;  
And if oppression sinks with heavy load  
Upon the soul, and they that injure us  
Mean our complete destruction, we rise up  
And throw their shackles from us in our rage :  
But if not potent for our liberty  
Our souls endure in silence, keeping up  
Their pristine nature undecayed and bright  
For future fit occasion, when they shall  
Excite strong action, renovate dull life,  
And blow the trumpet for a scathing war  
On them that bind our freedom. This I thought  
Was thine imperial nature, unsubdued,  
Glowing within thy bosom, if not seen  
By outward eye ; but, imbecile, thou art  
Afraid to strike for liberty and live !”

Abdiah answered coldly to his heat :

“ Go forth and stir up whom thy blindness thinks  
Confederate and faithful bosom friends ;  
I should have thought suspicion of their zeal  
And ultimate adhesion would suspend  
Too hasty action, with the memory fresh  
Of what they rendered Satan in his war .

Against the heavenly powers ; then if a way  
Of reconciliation had been left  
How numerous the press had been to gain  
Their late rejected seats, and worship Him  
Whom all before opposed ! but now too late  
Heaven sternly frowned ; their disobedience  
And foulest taint of sin made them unfit  
For second entrance, and the Awful King  
Forbade them come, who never can expect  
To be forgiven their rebellious war.  
But being thus disdained, their common lot  
Did not impel them as their leader hoped  
Might afterward transpire, to rest in him  
Their undivided confidence, and be  
One firm united state confederate ;  
For every one distrusted his right hand,  
While spleen and envy thickened ; every where  
Wide discontent and busy tongues at work :  
Till Satan gathered all about himself  
By his unequalled power, and held by force  
What he had not obtained before by art,  
By their associate lot, or other cause.  
From this learn constancy is not their trait  
Whom you would govern, for I see your aim.  
Satan is hated now, and widely feared ;  
For him no loyalty, no faithful band ;  
But impotent rebellion mutters low  
What it refrains from fear to utter loud.

From this infer, foresee what thou shalt reap  
Even if success attend ; no settled power,  
No order, no stability ; keen care  
And a continual hungering to know  
Thine enemies, in order to destroy  
Their plots, and lead to instant punishment.  
Not only this, but when some other fiend,  
As bold as thou, and now more fortunate,  
Climb up thy throne, then how shalt thou endure  
The accumulated pangs he will inflict,  
When he shall so degrade thee that thenceforth  
No more for fresh dominion any shall  
Recall thy shattered glory? What is shamed  
May never issue laws to haughty thrones.  
Methinks 'tis more magnanimous to stay  
Forever constant to a private spot,  
Than raised a little higher thence to plunge  
Beneath the proper station which we may  
Preserve without dishonor ; once I felt  
Thy fiery fancies, but am wiser now :  
Be thou like me, content, and cease from this  
Extravagance, which certainly will end,  
If thou pursue, in ignominious pain !”

He paused, and Abbon thus with wrath exclaimed :

“ Oh ! prudent safe exemplary advice !  
Whence do I hear such counsels ? do I stand  
By opening heaven, and do I hear the speech

Of seraph uttering virtue? am I he  
Whom, planning first a monarchy 'mong men,  
His guardian angel whispered to dissuade  
From wrong and bloodshed, to embrace the  
sweets

Of quiet life, and linger in repose,  
Blameless and pure? Well I remember he  
Turned off from that soft counsellor, and fought  
His conquering way, and gained a dazzling  
throne,

And sat secure; and when he died, his child,  
Born while his father was a king, stepped in  
The vacant seat, and scattered far and wide  
Paternal and peculiar laws, and grew  
Into a monarch greater and more feared  
Than was his sire: their names are yet retained;  
Their ancient sites of grandeur, though the  
towers

Have long since fallen and crumbled into dust.  
Suppose this conqueror listened to the voice  
Of that soft seraph, would his power and fame  
Have grown, and he be glorious as to rule  
First among monarchs? Things on earth I choose  
To show infernal states and my desire."

"But," answered him Abdiah, "you have forgot  
The king you mentioned grovels now in Hell;  
A lowly neighbor, once a friend of his  
When he was private, (by his public eye

O'erlooked,) having died upon a virtuous life,  
Now reaps serene enjoyment past all speech,  
Beyond comparison more blest than he  
When reigning sole and undistracted king :  
Your case is lame ; seek more substantial fool  
To illustrate what rewards Ambition gives  
To those that following, lose all other good."

He ceased, but Abbon could not make reply  
To truth so broad, truth recognized in Hell,  
Where all ambition tendeth, and from whence  
Its sources rise ; one bitter cry he raised,  
Then mounting, borne on wings, was seen no  
more.

But the other fiend, Abdiah, silently  
Pressed where Josiah lay, whom now in dreams  
Easy and pleasant, happy fancies led.  
First, sinking heavily, he wore his breast,  
Remaining like dead weight, and by his art  
Made mental horrors gradually arise  
Across his brain ; now suddenly are lost  
Day and fair joyance, lost the smiles and love  
Of tender-hearted friends ; old memories,  
Just dreamed of, vanish, as an azure sky  
Gloomed by a sudden tempest, black and huge  
Advancing ruinous ; so o'er his soul  
The fiend compelled dark anxious fears to pass,  
With pain and sorrowing despair ; he made  
Life as life was in dreams, appear a blank,



A sad, unnoticed, solitary waste,  
By which none came, and over it shrieked winds.  
Beginning with this milder form of grief  
As nearest change to happiness, the fiend  
Led next across his spirit a sharp line  
Of keen vexation, mortifying rage,  
First subtle, next unmastered. In his bed  
Still sleeping, rose the King, and with both hands  
Clutched vacant foes ; his eyes glared stone ; he  
cried

Angry and sudden, till his chamber filled  
With guards who entered hastily, alarmed  
For him by whom they watched. Into their  
hands

Spread out to catch him falling, dropped the  
King

And woke astonished. "What is this, young  
men ?"

He asked, with part of anger in his tone ;  
Then they declared the matter as it was ;  
To whom he answered. "'Twas a dream, no  
more ;

Leave me again to sleep ; the night is calm,  
The gentle moon subdues all things with light."  
They left him, yielding up his frame to sleep  
Quiescently, not dreading solitude.

Soon things grow dim ; the shaded lamp which  
hangs

Sidelong, no longer sheds its softened ray,  
Nor from the open window comes the air  
Of summer freshly on his heated brow ;  
He listens not to zephyrs, thinks no more ;  
For now hath slumber shut him out from these  
And ushered him upon another life,  
A place where heavy shadows shade themselves  
With frequent night. He hears by him move  
past

Forms unperceived. What dismal realm is this ?  
And tenanted by whom ? He loses thought  
That he is king, and at his call should come  
An army ; accustomed courage leaves his breast ;  
And this is not the least which he endures  
To whom, when waked, fear never comes ; he  
stands

Awaiting what may issue from the gloom,  
Anxious and trembling. Now a hand descends  
Upon his shoulder, cold as ice, and weight  
Like lead ; while on his ear low mutterings fall—  
“Doomed, doomed ! Seize him, ye fiends, for  
this is he

That fights against us, puny adversary !”  
Then as he feels an hundred talons sink  
Into his flesh, and hears an hundred yells,  
Timorous he asks what crime ? “O weak  
Josiah !

Remember how you broke our images,

And cut our chosen groves, and killed our priests,  
And made our name a by-word ! it is crime.  
Distract ye hounds, this prey, no more a king !”  
Then from their secret passages emerged  
Bands without number, glaring with their eyes  
As red as coals. All these began at once  
To fly against him as a rushing flock  
Of seabirds beat a cliff by strenuous wings  
Impelled ; or which the maddened hurricane  
Drives pitiless in fury on the crags,  
Maiming their tender breasts ; but while he  
shrank

Suddenly the blackness vanished, and glad day  
Shone on the gloom ; the fiends retired in haste,  
And fairer beings moving quickly up,  
Turned fear to joy ; no more he saw a pit  
Full of strange horrors, but prospect fair and  
large

Backed by a purple mountain, and in front  
A murmuring stream, by forests shaded o'er ;  
On either hand lay bounteous fields of flowers,  
As wild as nature, mixed with fruitful trees  
And running vines ; kind, happy faces smiled  
Between the leaves, and tender voices spake ;  
One whom he heard address him, uttered these :  
“ O prosperous Prince ! to thee His smiles are  
given

Who made both heaven and earth ; to thee he  
adds

Long life and full success, the name of Good  
Prefixed to King, and long security.  
Rebellion though it rise shall never harm.  
All this, because the law of God is writ  
Upon thy heart, and thou hast set thyself  
To cleanse thy borders, and thy nation bring  
To Him, whose laws so long they have despised.  
Then turning, He'll forgive and strengthen all."  
So dreamt the King; so foiled Abdiah left  
With shame; for when the guardian angels saw  
His wicked schemes, while bending o'er the  
couch,  
Regarding how the King, by him opprest  
Dreamt wildly, racked by horror and dismay,  
And nearly mad, then they approached and  
cheered  
With whispers low and sweet; their fingers  
touched  
His temples that he felt the meshes break  
Which first Abdiah wove; as at the hand  
Of dewy Spring the frozen brooks run free;  
While baffled far fled off Abdiah fiend,  
Disheartened with defeat, and Hellward bound  
To lay before his chief his ill-success.  
He had not far pursued his sullen course  
When, flying madly, with his visage flushed,  
And fiery as Mars, upon the sky  
He noticed Abbon; testily he flew,

Now here, now there ; by sudden points and  
turns,

Yet swiftly, wandering like a worried star,  
And cast red glare. Abdiah learned by this  
He also suffered shameful overthrow,  
And was enraged, for none more furious lived  
In Hell than Abbon, equal in his ire  
To Moloch, but less strong. Towards him he  
veered,

And overtaking by his steadfast flight  
The other's zigzag course, thus called aloud :  
“ Say who discomfited thy wiles, O fiend ?  
Was Obadiah proof, or did he need  
An angel, or a band to soothe his soul ? ”

“ Accost me not ! I hate the human race,  
I hate their name, their memory ; I loath  
Both what I went to do and him that sent ;  
And whom I met my very soul abhors,  
For while he was a mortal unprepared,  
And I a devil come prepared, he rose  
And drove me off ; this to Beelzebub  
Must I declare shamefaced, while he derides !  
But first, wert thou successful, and so soon,  
Why hither come, who shouldst be active there ? ”

The other speaking calmer, thus replied :  
“ Abbon, some men are favored : this is one.  
My arts were useless ; twice I called them forth,  
Twice was I foiled ; the hovering angels swept

My nightmare meshes from his throbbing brain ;  
They brought him scenes of pleasure ; on his ear  
They let glad voices fall with cadence sweet ;  
Before his eyes young Happiness displayed  
His beatific charms : this I beheld,  
And knowing Sol would shortly climb the sky,  
Fled off three hours ere dawn ; continued flight  
Now brings me here to learn of your defeat."

"Thine was a nobler contest, for thy foes  
Were spirit ; angels were thy conquerors.  
But mine (how the fates use me !) was a man,  
One man, and he from slumber half-awaked.  
I came where my opponent lay asleep ;  
I breathed upon his soul, which was as calm  
As mountain lakes, protected from the wind ;  
Better, thought I, to cast this placid rest  
Than meet unquiet rage ; it is to me  
A greater joy to mar than only add.  
How soundly sleep these mortals ! how they lose  
Their discontent and trouble ! Cares forgot,  
Fears banished, nature renovates her strength  
When locked in sound repose. Forthwith I sank  
So sudden as to wake him ; up he sprang,  
Confounded with astonishment, and looked  
To find the heavy hand that struck his breast,  
For he imagined human blows had fallen.  
He woke his slaves, and made a careful search ;  
None found, he sought again his welcome couch.

But first he prayed, and powerful in prayer,  
Beseeching Heaven's unfailing help to-night,  
I stood disclosed ; from me made visible  
Thin air retired, so was the higher Will.  
Not conscious that my presence was laid bare,  
I kept my place, until I saw amazed  
The soldier rise and grasp his sword and strike  
My crest, thinking me mortal who am spirit.  
My separated parts adhered again ;  
I felt my fury rise ; then I had seized  
My victim and destroyed him, but I feared  
Apparent Heaven ; for round about I saw  
Countless legions, whom Hell itself were weak  
One moment to resist : we saw the same  
On our last battle-field, when opened gates  
Discharged in ordered rank and flashing plumes  
Our mighty enemies. But when he saw  
Twain merge in one and fissure left nowhere,  
No more he clove, but sternly eyeing me,  
Invoked a Name too holy to be heard,  
And banished me far off ; compelled I fled,  
Still hearing his stern virtue and that name.  
Through stars I urged my hurried flight, till now  
We meet ; thou not my leader in this war."

Conversing thus, and sharing mutual shame,  
They traced their sullen journey towards the  
mouth

Of miserable Hell, where come, they mixed

With multitudes of devils either sent  
On errand ruinous to men and good,  
Or else returning laden with the spoils  
Of their invasions fierce ; earth was the scene  
And man their prey. These passing by, they  
pressed

Within, where Satan seated, held the lots  
Of all his subjects, haughty arbiter.  
Their errand here delivered, Satan cried :  
“ Oh ! weak, and chiefly thou, rash fiend ! ” but  
here

Broke in Beelzebub, “ I rule yon slave,  
I am his lord : deal with Abdiah thou,  
But leave me Abbon ! ” hastily he spake,  
Forgetting his great wrath whom he assailed.  
To whom his King : “ Beelzebub, for this  
I now would hurl thee from thy seat of power  
And make thee menial who before wert chief  
Of many thrones ; but that I know thy heat,  
Thy quick intemperance and present fear !  
Withdraw forgiven now, but dread to break  
Again upon me, lest, less merciful,  
Thy crime may meet no pardon at my hand ! ”  
So threatened he, and his black forehead scowled.  
Then Hell shrunk back alarmed, and left the  
space

Around them open, if by any chance  
Such powers engage ; but Satan politic



Desired no civil war arise in Hell,  
And therefore added : " This is trivial cause,  
O Prince ! for our estrangement, who are bound  
By kindred interests ! more worthy seek  
To make me your great foe. With this perform  
What pleases you ; among thy slaves he stands ;  
Not therefore less mine own, who rule all Hell,  
Both mightiest and lowest : what I want  
I take without a pledge ; so ye subsist  
By me, your monarch holding sway o'er all."  
Thus Satan, proudly speaking, dignified  
Maintained priority ; and he that raved,  
Grown prudent with reflection, bowed his head  
In mute acknowledgment : Satan no more  
Exacted, conscious of unshaken power.

Thus quiet was restored. Then called the King  
Again Abdiah, from the dusky throng  
That fleeing stopped far off, and thus gave word :  
Though thou wert foiled, I know thee prudent ;  
go !

Seek out again Josiah ! That perform  
With which I trusted thee to-night, and act  
Nightly the same, and ever through the day  
Beset his various path with newer snares.  
Obstruct with hardships unforeseen ; seduce  
With gay declining pleasure ; if thou canst  
Pervert his virtue : for I know if once  
He fall from his firm goodness, and love vice,

My kingdom loses then her greatest foe.  
Be all to him ; and when the noontide burns  
Inflame his passions like a spark thrown in  
Combustible material ; when toil  
Has wearied him at close of some hard day  
From which he seems to reap no fit reward,  
Do thou instill discouragement and doubt,  
Doubt in that Power, whom piously he serves.  
Thus doing, well ; but fear to disobey."

He heard and left, by Satan's eye pursued  
Beyond the separating void till lost  
Among the stars ; yet then the spot he eyed  
Although his keener sight could not detect  
Figure or shadow : in his mind he turned  
His various chances, like a gamester plays  
With his uncertain cards, and chiefly hopes  
To win when his opponent's off his guard.  
So Satan counting on man's ignorance,  
Anticipated triumph and success.

## THE MEETING.



SHE came true to appointment, but not there  
She found him : was he false ? had he forgotten  
That there she'd be, and there would hope all day  
For his expected coming ? What had been  
Since they had parted ? Was he false ? Oh ! no !  
But him some harm had met, or accident,  
Or irresistible necessity,  
And he can not, although he would, be here.  
How fast the driving sun descends the sky !  
How fleeting are the hours, and yet how long  
Is waiting ! late it grows towards hastening night,  
And soon the twilight over all will charm  
Sea, earth, and heaven ; and then the moon will  
rise  
Unclouded, for no clouds are visible  
As yet, and pleasant is the afternoon,  
And nearly past.

A little while has fled :  
He is not come. O heart ! what sorrow checks

Thy previous rapture, thy enchanting hopes,  
And stifles thy breast's swelling exstasies,  
Leaving all vacant ! neither joy nor woe  
Inhabiting the bosom neither claims,  
Until assurance be established there  
Whether he come or come not ! Let time fly ;  
Banish corroding fears. O Evening fair !  
Now just begun, what holy spell is thine !  
What eyes are thine, and how more lustrous  
beams

Venus, of all bright queen ! to her attends  
The nightingale, high sitting in the bough,  
And thence attuning mellowly her throat  
To a delicious warbling ; is it love ?  
At least her mate is faithful ; faithful, said I ?  
But so is mine. Ah ! bosom not at rest,  
Thou unbelieving love, uncharitable,  
Not tried before, and failing now when tried,  
Know he is true and full of honor, moved  
By tenderest affection, never swayed  
By aught but honesty and truest candor.  
How pensive is the night ! the dreamy boughs  
How dark and murmuring, how soft against  
The silver moonlight ! Eye of heaven, look out,  
Traverse the lonely road, the dusky fields,  
See if he comes ! look forth, dear placid moon !  
Call for him, nightingale ! extend to him  
Ye branches, unto him extend your arms,  
And beckon him near !

A footstep ! Hark ! whose ?  
She paused ; the fluttering of her breast drowned  
sound ;

Nearer she catches it again. He darts—  
'Tis he—he rushes up, and, ere she drops,  
Supports her agitated frame, and hears  
Her faint voice welcome in the fondest tones  
Of love, which cold delay chilled not.

He tells  
The reason of his waiting ; how he longed  
To be upon the spot, but how a cause  
Which I need not repeat, and which once told,  
She asked not for again ; an urgency  
Making it then impossible to come,  
Such as sometimes occurs, and gives alarm  
Till all is afterwards explained, withheld  
His punctual presence : but, Maria dear,  
He says, to make for this complete amends,  
I hence depart not, till mine own thou art,  
And I am thine. Be witness, silent moon  
And night, and ye dark solitudes ! Their hands  
In one another joined, they leave the spot,  
Anticipating how the morrow shall  
Dawn for them happiest of their happy lives,  
And afterwards new mornings see them one  
Who yet are two ; although but one in mind.

## A MOONLIGHT SAIL.



THE lake lay silent 'neath the silver moon,  
Which threw upon its bosom a soft light  
Of gentle beauty ; o'er the banks hung out  
Deep boughs which ever trembled ; underneath,  
The rippling waves seemed willing to be stilled,  
So languidly they moved, save when a gale  
Arose, and far across the ruffled lake  
A flood came rolling up : if on the beach  
You bent your ear and listened, then you might  
Detect the presence of the silent swell,  
The lapsing of the ripples ; as it were  
A sound that can not be remarked, but known  
There to exist, and needing finer ears  
To catch its soft impulses. As you lie  
Oh ! what a fairy scene the quiet lake  
Seems burnished to the eye ! for all the waves  
Shine silvery or gold. But rise ! not this,  
Nor this abstraction ; for the boat awaits,  
And she, our fair commander, one who gives  
Orders and we obey ; she calls to us

And says our mutiny is manifest.  
Now enter we our shallop and launch out  
Upon the bosom of the lake, to her  
Attending, and there steering where she bids.  
Ah! Helen, thee, and none but thee, we wish  
To lead us over fairy floating realms,  
And underneath such silvery moons, in reach  
Of whispers from the trees, where ever roam  
Night breezes, tending all one way, all here  
By thee attracted! is not Zephyr now  
Among thy tresses truant, having fled  
His home among the wild-flowers? Hear his  
voice!

Almost our ears can catch his whispers, meant  
For you and love! unravel us our doubts;  
Instruct us in his pleading, so that we  
Know how to plead, and taking speech from him,  
Succeed in our best wishes! Oh! the charm  
Of sitting by the side of her we love  
More than all else, and underneath a sky  
Tenderer than day, and moving o'er the expanse  
Of calm still waters, bearing in our soul,  
Peace, pure and tranquil, with no looming care  
Before us in the future hours; no sense  
Of conscience wronged that in His eye who made  
Us and these several joys, we blameless are,  
And all our thoughts acceptable! The charm,  
O Helen! in thy presence of this night,

This silent lake, those trees along the shore !  
We float, and float, and care not where we float,  
So but the lake be round us, and, above  
The moonlit sky, and silence on the air.



## A SUNSET ON THE SEA.



I SAW the Sun go down upon the wave ;  
The western sky was all ablaze with red  
And golden light, but softened air and sad  
As summer settings are ; the orb remained  
One instant on the water like a god  
Departing, yet who lingers o'er the earth  
One last retiring glance to throw, and then  
Vanish, but vanishing to leave a train  
Of glory in his passage. On the sea  
The deepened colors heaving lay, and wed  
The water unto heaven ; and so they seemed  
But one, both having kindred beauty. Soon  
The hues change line by line, as darkness sinks  
Gradually down ; the eastern sky grows dim,  
Night comes, but stops midway across the heaven,  
Gazing on Twilight, sister of a blush  
Not given to her and very beautiful :  
Night looks and is enamored, and refrains  
To banish what is lovely in her eye :  
Therefore they linger, till yearning after him

From whom she gets her warmth, sad Twilight  
hastes

And follows on the Sun ; the vacant clouds,  
The solitary heaven then Night asserts,  
And muses on the beauties fled away ;  
The heaving Ocean shares her memories,  
And both brood over Twilight gone, but he  
Recalls the Sun and thinks of more than Night.

# THE CONTEST.

A SCENE IN ANCIENT GAUL.



THE morn awaked is moving in the east :  
One too awakes to lift his tempered dart  
With heavy grasp, and bid farewell to wife  
And press his sleeping babe ; for now the hour  
Is near for combat, and the foe awaits  
Perchance the earlier man upon the field :  
Fires his soul with fury at the thought !  
He dashes out ; the trees surround his form.  
Abandoned, weeps his gentle partner ; weeps  
Aroused, his babe unconscious why it wept,  
Eyeing its mother's water-coursing cheeks.  
She takes him in her arms and urges out  
Fleeter than hound. Whom hurries anger so,  
Or hot ambition in our mortal chase,  
As love, divine propeller of the feet ?  
So fled she swiftly on : now she attains  
The field of contest bristling on the view

With horrors of harsh war ; her lord she marks  
With his accustomed step and haughty mien,  
And countenance of courage ; and opposed  
The hated chief that would cut down his pride.

Meanwhile the chiefs (so Gallic custom holds)  
Approach and sing their glorious ancestors,  
And mingle taunts, and insults, and deride  
The baseness of their adversaries. Such  
Betrays no cowardice in these sons of war ;  
But more like beasts of prey that dare provoke  
The deadly clutch and fury of their kind,  
So these to probe each other's rage essay.  
And first she listened to her husband's voice.

“Come, mark our contest, O my godlike sires !  
Come with your unseen spirit-steeds, and blow  
Into my soul your ardent breaths ! I fight  
Anew your ancient battles ; lend me fire,  
Thrice-heated flame, that I may burn yon wretch,  
This, that presumes to stand upon my path !  
Have I slain nobler men, and shall I stoop  
To this poor form ? Now while I sing of you,  
Let yon pale shiverer listen ; let him loose  
His limbs for flight when terror comes upon him.  
A coward's like the wind ; but if he wait  
My story ended, let us clash our arms.

“Afar in time Hesittan left his vale  
With bear-skin round his loins, and knotted club  
Grasped in his fist. Rude were our fathers then,

But worth a hundred now. He met six wolves,  
With blows as many slew them; this he scorned  
To think twice on. Then roaming south he took  
A lion 'scaped from negro-land and tore  
His teeth-fixed jaws apart; in deadly strain  
The monster worked for very life, and aimed  
To eat our noble father, but he lay  
A carcass at the close of that hard fight,  
Staining the club with blood and brains: his skin  
Succeeded to the bear's, cast now aside,  
And clothed the giant's frame. Towards southern  
Rome

Peopled that day by warriors, men of steel,  
My noble sire next wended: there three knights  
Beneath the city walls he squeezed too hard  
'Tween thumb and finger, and against the gates  
Did hurl them screaming on the way of death.  
Outpoured the city much amazed and wroth,  
Four hundred soldiers, but the giant mowed  
Some dozen scores, and laughed at them, and  
cried:

'Come out all Rome!' and waited: Rome de-  
layed,

When in contempt he left her seven hills.  
This same fought with the Germans, piled their  
skulls

In heaps on every highway, laid a fear  
A hundred miles in circuit on the roads,

And seemed some grim avenger from the gods  
Sent down for human punishment. He died ;  
'Twas of no common sickness, but one day  
Grew black the heaven with thunder-clouds and  
          flashed

The rapid lightning, blasting over oaks  
And stately pines : he marking how they fell,  
Crushing the undergrowth, swore heavily  
To tear them like the lightning did, and bent  
His strength to twist a tree ; a sapling seemed  
The rounded trunk beneath his human toil :  
'Aha !' he cried, ' in labors of the gods  
I take my part and bear my trophies too !'  
With that the thunderbolt descended swift ;  
He moved to shake it off, but here his might  
Grew paralyzed and with the tree close-hugged,  
He sank to earth disfigured by the flame.  
A neighboring city came and buried him.

“ His wife was of his nature ; her blue eye  
Had gazed permitted on the seats of gods :  
Something of heaven was in her milky breast,  
For often Pity, native to the skies,  
Moulded her thoughts and actions for some  
          wretch,

Else doomed with death before her sterner spouse.  
From her the giant drew a noble race  
Of sturdy sons like him, and girls like her ;  
Her wisdom to his strength they joined, and led

Paternal and maternal virtues down  
The honored line ; of which the sixth I stand.  
Whose sire Rome feared, and nations quaked to  
see,

Tremble to call to battle, else thy corpse  
Shall stretch the plain and women weep beside."

To him the other party : " What will stop  
This boaster save the javelin ? words are vain  
With such a tonguey fool ; but that these men  
May know my line is kingly, and enrolled  
Had heroes great and feared, I sing their deeds :  
Let this thin bravery vanish while I tell.

"A kingdom bore my fifth forefather's sway ;  
Its breadth consumed a month of travelled toil ;  
Here browsing flocks and numberless brave  
men ;

Here terror shook her tresses at the foe,  
Which, often vanquished, came as often back  
Provoking fresh defeat : at last, annoyed,  
My sire resolved to subjugate the world,  
And yoke them into quiet, that his rest  
Might flow on undisturbed in latter days.  
He fought a border battle first, and won ;  
Then traversed three small kingdoms ; at the  
fourth

A wall of mountainous crags, precipitous,  
Frowned sudden prohibition ; this to pass  
Leaped his great spirit, and the fixed command

Went through his hosts ; whereat grew noisy  
    tongues  
Into a tumult, for the thing they held  
Was all impossible ; then scarlet flushed  
His cheeks with blood and anger, and he made  
A dozen targets of those noisy men  
For twelve good bowmen ; each one pierced his  
    mark ;  
'Twas death to miss before so hot a king.  
They now began the ascent, and followed goats  
Where neither highway nor a path appeared ;  
And separate often, often met by fews,  
Toiled up the rugged mountains ; here swift darts  
Toppled some down the chasms, direct by hands  
Unseen and deadly ; but the foe was small  
And small his slaughter. Thus they labored on  
Till three weeks later, sunny plains below  
Attracted softest ease, and happiness  
That all thought fled forever, came again,  
And drank her usual draughts by murmuring  
    founts,  
And chose again her cool arboreous spots.  
    " Thence stretched his way toward Rome ; but  
    this is doubt  
Whether he laid a siege or passed her by :  
But legend says the king refrained to war  
On such a strength of wall, from want of means  
To shake their rocky lines ; for engines vast



Are needed to subdue this sort of foe :  
But had the Romans left their stony seat  
And met him on the plain, they braver men  
Had shown them on that day, and with the strife  
The world from end to end had echoed round,  
So strong so numerous both the rival hosts !  
But they content to miss illustrious fame  
For safety, live till now. The king pursued  
His path of battles till for home with spoils,  
Satiated, he turned his course, and laid his life  
Towards close in lap of plenteous peace ; his name  
Bear to this day some rivers, mounts, and capes.”

The chieftains now seize on their horrid arms :  
They cast the javelin, beat the shining shield,  
Assail, retreat, provoke, descend, uprise,  
Flee sidelong, plant the blow, till nature spent,  
Demands a space for strength and wind's return :  
This used for flashing anger, scorn, and scowls,  
They urge again the contest, blows on blows,  
The crash of limb on limb, of sword on sword ;  
Shakes the whole frame till like a bullock felled  
A vanquished chieftain drops ; the soil resounds  
Near to an earthquake. Motionless surveys  
The victor o'er his prostrate enemy,  
And gathers breath with patience, till he learn  
Him overcome or willful to renew  
The heavy trial : but no sound escapes  
The other senseless on his fatal field.

The silent conqueror leaves him with his slaves,  
While o'er his face his wife weeps burning tears;  
His kinsmen mourn ; his dog creeps mutely close;  
But to the other flies his thankful wife,  
Her eyes all love, her arms put forth to lay  
Upon his heaving breast their smiling babe.

## THE POET.



STRANGE beings are we men,  
And strangely moved !  
In joyous boyhood when  
Our hearts have loved  
Deeply, tenderly,  
A cheerfulness and zest abound,  
And like a maiden's voice is sound.

Darkens soon the heaven a cloud ;  
Thunder rumbles, but not loud—  
Low and far as boding ills ;  
Dull become the distant hills ;  
All the lands we loved appear  
Fruitless, sunless, lone, and drear.

We have such delicate souls when young,  
Gold is base, deceit our tongue  
Has never known, and oft the skies  
Receive the scrutiny of our eyes.  
All unselfish, we admit

Least as well as great to sit  
Within our limits, and employ  
Still our souls with some new joy.  
Then we weep with those that weep,  
Wake with wakeful ones, and sleep  
Side by side with heavy lids;  
Never little pride forbids.  
Of truth, of beauty votaries we,  
And love the land, but more the sea;  
We climb the rocks which breast the waves,  
And feel with winds we are no slaves,  
Nor ever could resign the right  
To welcome day with chainless sight;  
And soon we toss along the brine  
And flounder where the fishes shine,  
And bear the sun on dripping backs  
Where the gay dolphin shows his tracks.

Again, the land we tread alone  
And search for spots before unknown,  
And sigh that man's all-present tread  
An earlier advent here has led.  
"Is man then every where" the heart  
Exclaims, stung with the sudden smart;  
"Are we, so late in time, forbid  
To take away the door that hid  
One place on earth? are all things known,  
And nothing left to call our own?"

Then to the stars we turn and gaze

Upon their distant lessened days  
Lent feebly unto earth in rays,  
And in our soul's great wonderment  
Desire to probe the firmament ;  
Yet not like science, rule by rule,  
And make sublimity a school,  
But as the Arab would who leans  
Above his steed and marks their scenes  
At midnight when the Pleiads sail  
In solemn silence, six sisters pale,  
From whom one went in starry wail :  
In such a mood as this we try  
To bind the influence of the sky,  
And bring ourselves by Job who saw  
These silent spots long years before.

But business calls us soon away  
From these charmed things, as night calls day,  
And darker than night our souls become  
Like little children long from home.  
We walk with Memory through past years,  
Their light our joy, their gloom our fears,  
And once again, and yet once more,  
As loath to break our dream, the roar  
Accustomed rises from the shore ;  
And merry infants then are we  
Joining the ocean's sturdy glee.  
Some dear companion sails our soul,  
And holds again his first control,

For faithful artist, Memory,  
Revives his image by the sea ;  
And our full heart breathes forth a prayer  
That Heaven make him peculiar care,  
Direct to good and snatch from snare.  
But chief to parents kind and true  
Our soul goes forth as seeks the blue  
Of day's unchecked expanse the bird  
Whose voice at early dawn is heard :  
Our father much, but mother more,  
Calls forth our love, and on her breast  
We sink in dear protected rest  
As we have rested years before ;  
Always to lie thus we implore.  
Return our home and early scenes,  
The dear old rooms and outside greens ;  
Each spot is sacred with its own,  
And with our thoughts lies overgrown ;  
As rocks which nourish generous flowers,  
Are covered by their grateful bowers.

But Memory mostly fails through grief,  
And present sorrows overcome  
The power to think ; the soul is dumb ;  
Till lastly slumber brings relief,  
And rest o'ertakes us like a thief.

Awaked, refreshed, Ambition sings  
His syren song of chainless wings,  
Of planet-fame, and just applause ;

And soon th' unwary spirit draws.  
He enters on the arduous course,  
And conquers first through native force ;  
Soon vanity the fledgling breaks  
The egg's thin shell, and he awakes  
To cast a weary glance behind  
On things which only vexed his mind.  
Then for repose his spirit weeps ;  
Mid constant labor little sleeps  
The heart of man, but for this boon  
He prays in life's high sultry noon ;  
Come down upon his temples then  
Great actions done by other men,  
High thoughts of genius, beauty's way  
Of noble words ; with this essay  
He cheers his mounting soul and moves  
Amid new joys, superior loves,  
While round his brow's poetic glow  
Bright beings heavenly chaplets throw.  
He mingles now with all the great  
That on the earth held grandest state,  
Either of kingdom or of mind,  
The proud, the wise, the strong, the kind ;  
All ages did he see, though past,  
The earliest vivid as the last,  
And future years were opened by  
Imagination's daring eye ;  
Almost prophetic grew his glance

Thrown out long seasons in advance.  
His theme was human progress oft ;  
'Twas then his spirit sailed aloft  
On highest wafting ; then her spark  
Grew sun, and left no shade of dark :  
At other times his tender strain  
Made company with the dove's soft plain,  
And heard at evening's mellow haze  
Composed the soul from heated days :  
Some words he uttered were like sobs,  
None listens but upon them throbs ;  
Like love were others ; maidens placed  
Them where their breasts were overlaced,  
And youths, with knowledge where they lay,  
Attempted plunder, for they say,  
"These thoughts received from you will read  
To both of us our dearest need."

But when the opening of the year,  
Reviving Spring brought bashful joy  
That has with smiles and tears employ,  
He caught her smile of sunny cheer  
And lent it to his song ; it glows  
Where just unchained, the streamlet flows,  
And widens with dissolving snows ;  
It hangs upon the fresh green leaf ;  
It lives within the heart's belief  
Of noble blooms a few weeks hence,  
Of which these are the evidence ;



It lives in myriad insects roused  
From those dark holes where they were  
    housed,  
To walk, to hop, to fly, to sing,  
Glad in the happiness of spring.  
Her tears he caught when sudden showers  
Pressed with their weight the fragile  
    flowers,  
But tears of joy, to see when o'er  
They rose more lovely than before.  
He so loved nature that beside  
She always walked his careful guide,  
Keeping his simple pathway free  
From ill conceits and pedantry,  
And moulding all his thoughts to her,  
Pleased with her closest worshipper.

## TO THE LARK.



SWEET Lark ! if bards have oft been moved by  
thee

To join their song with thine, because a bird  
So joyous by their hearts could ne'er be heard

Without a wish to magnify

Its voice and presence in the sky ;

No more can I refrain from thy pure melody ;

No more can I refuse to praise thy flight,

Mount like the soul of morn amid her light.

Deep in thy dewy nest where tender lie

Thy young, thou sattest patient till the eye

Of slow-ascending day began to streak with red

The eastern dome, and chase the gray

Across the heaven till the display

Of gathered splendor darted ; then thou thy  
lifted head

Heldst to the apex of the new-born blue

And spedst thy way even as passing through.

Thou seemst a winged prayer ; or like a soul  
That long dark hours has suffered sin's control,  
But made electric by the Sun of Righteousness,  
Carols with Hope's clear tone to ask  
Mercy's great boon—delightful task !  
Rejoiced to climb fresh skies for Father's voice to  
bless :

Or any other thing of this pure kind,  
Thou shapest, leaving gross behind !

## YEARNINGS.

---

THERE are heart-sorrows which we speak not of,  
Sorrows of long account, which give their hue  
To all our pleasures, making them less bright.

I recollect what joy it gave me once  
To read the pages of old authors, where  
More honorable and stronger nature lived  
Than present times admit of : I recall  
How glad I read in Sallust what they spake  
Who lived at Rome when Catiline arose  
And filled the entire city with distrust ;  
What he performed, and how his energy  
Was not effaced in death, but lingered still  
Upon his rigid features. And of him  
That pleaded (ah ! in vain) before the seats  
Of Roman demagogues, to save his throne,  
Himself an exile from his rightful court ;  
While potent there his father's charity  
Jugurtha, whom his sire had reared and fed.  
What inward joy these pages gave my mind !

And other books, or Virgil's noble verse,  
Or Cicero, with cultured eloquence !

Those days have fled ; I read no more their  
thoughts.

Me hard necessity, associates  
Dissimilar in their desires and aims,  
And cramped occasion fetter, that I lose  
The genial glow of that springtime of thought.

Ah ! let the muses claim their votary !

Let them descend with heaven within their  
glance,

And me inspire with ardor to pursue  
Amid the trials of these darksome days  
The course they once laid out. Oh ! ye that wait  
To ease the troubles of the sorrowful,  
On me take pity ! me illumine and cheer !  
Fill me with other passions than these base  
Which prompt the careless multitude ; grant fire  
And energy of thought ; make beautiful  
What in me lies disordered ; make my soul  
Ardent and pure ; and bid me follow you !

Then from the contact of mere selfish things,  
Into an higher region, where enthroned  
Sits Love, and where sublimity resides,  
My spirit yearning shall escape and mount.  
Return, ye Nine ! ye that in earlier days  
More friendly lingered round my boyish path !  
Then seeing you I thought ye would remain.

Ah ! wherefore fled ? and why am I alone ?  
Why do I call and hear no answering voice ?  
Fair Fugitives, oh ! now return, lest woe  
O'erwhelm without respite my troubled soul.

## H O P E .



Alas ! what a cheat is Hope ! His voice decoys  
Onward, still onward, still Excelsior !

Ambition, clothed in armor, with a sword  
Advances toward the blue-eyed smiling youth,  
And begs him gratify his ardent wish :

“Inspire these haughty men,” he cries, “with  
hope !

Make them believe in future power and gain.”

Hope promises ; the greedy multitudes

Pursue and peril peace, until at last

They find they’re tricked by Hope ; but he is  
gone,

His joyous eye no longer beams, his voice

No more incites ; behind is weariness,

The conscience of a ruthless life all lost ;

Before, a prospect void of smiling hope :

Ambition’s gone ; despair alone is near.

Hope seeks another class ; he finds the good.

He tells of constant pleasure for the just ;

Of a serene and prosperous sky o’erhead ;

Fresh airs to waft ; and at the evening close  
Maturity, with full content ; like fruit  
Which having passed its spring, and safely blushed  
In ripeness yet unplucked, now loosening drops  
Its lengthened hold upon the tree of life.  
Such, Hope assures the good, will be their lot.  
Ah ! inexperienced, they believe his words !  
But soon a partner or a child is lost,  
Then is the sting of sharp bereavement felt ;  
Next comes misfortune ; how the sickening blow  
Falls on the fullness of his first content !  
Things now go wrong ; embarrassment and loss ;  
And censure then not wanting, cuts his soul ;  
False friends depart, the good and true remain ;  
In them for once no liar Hope ; these prove  
All what his cheerful voice assured they were.  
Perhaps disease next follows ; after that  
Worn out, and weary, Death asserts his claim :  
The hour is reached ; his troubled eye must look  
On what no mortal ever gazed upon,  
Gazed on and lived ; Heaven grant he die serene !  
Oh ! here at last let Hope be true, not false !  
Whate'er he whispered, fondly whispered once,  
O Christian ! let my earnest prayer be met,  
That saved, the gates of pardoning Heaven un-  
close,  
Thou entering to reap immortal joys.



## STEWART HOLLAND.

---

WHAT stir is this among the sea-green girls ?

This that compelleth hurryings to and fro,  
And breaketh each one from her cherished curls ?

“A man !” they whisper, “whither shall we go ?  
A man from earth descended ! let us fly  
Ere this o’ertake us with his human eye !”

But Neptune : “Fear not, daughters ! this is one  
Whom bring your choicest flowers to deck and  
bloom ;

Who but an hour ago beheld the sun,  
Beheld, and all unconscious of his doom ;  
And when that doom gaped, never did his eye  
Forget to look on truth ; him do not fly !”

Advance they then, and move before the seat  
Where Holland just from firing of his gun  
Was placed, while gentler waters laved his feet ;  
But yet his head was bare to be set on  
By chaplets due to heroes, which their hands  
Convey of buds, and leaves, and golden strands.

“Bring him my liquid-gliding coursers now ;  
Bring him my reins of guidance ; him upraised  
Enchant in progress at my chariot’s prow  
With whispered music. Lo ! my lights have  
blazed

Into their brilliant colors, and my pearls  
Hang out like stars for him ! Attend, my girls !”

Then opened all those maids their dewy voices  
Breathing out like many dying swans,  
At first so sad like dirge ; but soon rejoices  
The changing measure by degrees, as wanes  
Dim night at day’s approach ; they thread the  
sea ;  
Pleased with their eyes, young dolphins round  
them play.

Now how the monarch prideth in his guest,  
Exulting over many a league of sea,  
They sing ; and how “a charmed disturbless rest  
Is waiting far beyond, O youth ! for thee !  
Beyond these watery realms from which a ghost  
Thou travellest soon unguided and unlost.”

“But wander, wander, dreamily wander now,  
By coral rocks and Neptune’s old abode ;  
See here the mermaids with their woman’s brow !  
And here great halls where ancient giants trod !

There Venus rose, and rising, all the sea  
Curled round her waist, reluctant thence to flee.

“View far before yon murky coil of surge  
That dashes furious 'gainst its central rock ;  
There do the fates forever chant their dirge,  
High seated on the apex of the slock :  
Fell Scylla and Charybdis, famed of old ;  
To tempt their wrath no prince of ours is bold.

“These things, O Holland ! by our lord's command,  
And thousand more, as many as the sea  
Contains, we show thee, thou who hast on land  
Now gained a noble fame eternally ;  
Nations shall speak of thee with pride, and hear  
Thine action oft retold with grateful ear.

“'Tis this impelled these coursers and this wreath,  
Thine own to be whilst here a guest ; 'tis this  
Moved Neptune airs on thee divine to breathe,  
And mix thy spirit with the keenest bliss :  
Thy noble fortitude, thy swerveless aim,  
Thy duty unto death—the hero's fame.”

Thus spake the nymphs, and he entranced awhile  
Lay in his car rejoicing ; till a thought  
Came o'er his soul, and with a happy smile,  
“I wish,” he said, “that higher life, for naught

Are these, though pleasure's here, beside that  
bliss."

The maidens trembled as he uttered this.

"Ah youth ! no more consider that far land,

Consider not her distant joys, for here  
Are scarcely less, and with as full a hand

Dispensed ; and now thy presence has grown  
dear

To all our tribes ; we will attend on thee.

Dismiss that country for this boundless sea."

But Holland, and his voice with sorrow moved :

"To you, fair creatures and your king, I give  
A grateful heart ; but I have ever loved

To muse upon that land ; in thought I live  
Among her meads and mountains, hear her  
sounds,

Fear in her worship, walk beside her bounds."

Then like to many dying swans again,

Their voices modulate, and all the sea  
Hung motionless upon their soft complain

With silence both of woe and mystery :  
An unknown feeling filled great Holland's heart,  
He wept, and moved his pinions to depart.

## TO SILENCE.

---

MYSTIC Power ! that binds the soul  
In a tender charmed control ;  
Thou by name of Silence known,  
Though thou hast an inner tone ;  
Thou hast dropped thy chain once more  
On my spirit as before.

Now all thoughts of action cease ;  
Naught can satisfy but peace ;  
All the strife and search for power  
Which incite mankind an hour,  
All the phantoms of the brain  
Travelling o'er a darkened plain,  
Vexed ambition—pass away ;  
All have left us calm to-day.

Power divine ! in woods alone  
Thou'rt not found, where overgrown  
Heavy trees the eye surround  
Like the tomb of light and sound :  
Neither dost thou only dwell

By some shaded maiden's well,  
Where at sultry noon, but she  
Partly slumbers dreamily :  
Nor exclusive on the main  
In a calm when seamen strain  
Eyes afar for trace of clouds  
Which shall stir their drowsy shrouds :  
Holding over all of these  
Usual sway, thy realms increase ;  
Every where the spirit flies  
Turmoil, there her placid eyes  
Linger in a spell on thee,  
Silence ! and thine own is she.

Oh ! what scenes and thoughts are thine,  
Languid power but still divine !  
For when winter comes with chill  
Languor flees the icy hill,  
Leaving thee, O silent maid !  
Much too pure to be afraid.  
Then thou bringst thy votaries near  
What was murmuring flood last year,  
Teaching pale philosophy  
In the thralldom that we see ;  
Sadly dost thou pass thy hand  
Over all the prisoned land,  
Over all its sheeted snow  
Where the winds of chilliness blow ;  
Sadly do we mark bereft

Branches on their bare trunks left,  
Stiffened now too tight to bend,  
Though the northern regions send  
Heaviest blasts with stony hail ;  
They shall break, and with their wail  
Far the hills reëcho round  
While they're falling to the ground ;  
But they yield not as they do,  
When warm zephyrs come and woo.

But in summer hours we see  
Fullest in thy glory thee ;  
Like a dame of former days  
Sculptored forth, on which men gaze  
Awed, and filled with hallowed swell  
In their bosom's deepest well ;  
Goddess, which the marble gives  
And it only ; one that lives  
In her purity of form,  
Rounded bust that's all but warm,  
Attitude, and classic face,  
Thought's serenest resting-place.  
Silence ! tell us who have come  
Making with thee tarried home !  
Tell us first in time of him  
Born with thee, whose fatal whim  
Broke a blest sequestered state,  
And was cast disconsolate  
Over earth to till and sweat,

Ere the bread of work he get ;  
Yet not all alone, for one,  
She by whom his sin was done,  
Close attended, and became  
His sole joy this side the flame ;  
He in Eden had his bower  
Not peeped into by a flower,  
Where through leaves the scanty ray  
With a feeble power might play ;  
Where he sat and mused of heaven  
And the life of mystery given  
Him a little while ago,  
And which now may onward flow,  
Far—how far ? O subtle thought !  
Was it thou the serpent brought ?  
Was thy realm, O Silence ! curst,  
Teaching man rebellion first ?  
Whence thy holy charms, oh ! whence  
Heavenly love's strong evidence  
Felt 'neath thy control, if thou  
Hatched for man the fatal woe ?

Outside seraphim's sad flame,  
Solitude he sought the same ;  
Bitter, oh ! how bitter were  
Thought, reflection, and the tear !  
And if thou his evil wert,  
Now he tasted of thy hurt ;  
Keen with thee was sorrow's sting,



Till the heavenly coursers bring  
On his silence and his night,  
Chariots with a pardoning light ;  
Angels gathering round his head,  
Then thy reign, O Silence ! fled ;  
Till, the holy thrones retired,  
Heaven with usual lights was fired.

Silence held the patriarch  
When at evening in the ark  
Lone he sat above a sea  
Shoreless in immensity ;  
His three sons are looking far  
O'er those waves without a bar,  
Where no lands nor peaks remain,  
Since that fatal morn of rain.  
What his thoughts at this sad view,  
Seeing nothing of the land,  
Nothing of the sky's mild blue,  
Though he search on either hand ?  
Thinking of the men that lay  
Overtaken by the spray ;  
Locked in death, wave-washen clay ?  
Thinking of that awful morn,  
When the sun of beams was shorn,  
When the deluge-bearing sky  
Gloomed with wrath for every eye,  
And the mothers press their sons,  
And the maiden wildly runs,

And the father speechless stands,  
And the children flee the sands ?  
But for Noah 'twas more grief,  
Sorrow entered like a thief  
On their scenes before they bent  
Unto God, all penitent.

Father of the Hebrews, he  
Called of God, in silence sat,  
Knowing nothing yet of that  
Which was for futurity ;  
Gazing on the clustered lights,  
During one of Syria's nights ;  
When full-blaze, they glitter far,  
Prompting wish of what they are.  
He, like Job, perhaps made song  
With the Hebrew measure strong.  
Such a night as this did God  
Open to his eye his road,  
Speak of journeys westward, and  
Seed as numerous as the sand ;  
And by faith he rose and went  
Whither that sure vision sent.

'Twas when silence bound the air  
Jacob saw the shining stair  
Trode by noiseless feet, and there  
Waking, lift his matin prayer  
To the presence that can hear  
What to mention spirits fear,

Both, lest any foreign ear  
Catch the private thought, and lest  
Such thoughts may not be expressed ;  
Quietly he placed the stone  
For an altar ; he alone  
Priest and congregation stood,  
Supplicating God for good ;  
Then on silence came the vow,  
“ Earth’s great Saviour-stem art thou ;  
In thy seed born numberless  
All the nations thou shalt bless.”  
And when silence held his ear  
Came the voice to Moses clear ;  
For the sake of Israel,  
Teaching how the wrath to quell  
Of the Egyptian, and to guide  
Hebrews by the passive tide,  
Passive being petrified,  
Gathering rage when chariots ride  
On their tracks, and whelming lost  
All that proud pursuing host.

Passing all until the time,  
Mournfullest of mournful years,  
When Gethsemane in tears  
Viewed her God ; for human crime,  
For the made the Maker bends  
Unto grief and pain ; he wends  
Slow from those that can not keep

Their dull heavy eyes from sleep,  
Slumbering on the eve when he  
Was grown nigh to Calvary,  
And the cross in shadows lay  
On the front of coming day ;  
With the thought of scorn and hate  
From the multitude elate,  
They by him through ages kept :  
As he mused great drops he wept ;  
From his forehead sweat did flow,  
Blood seemed bursting from his brow.  
Holiest hour and place are ye,  
Place and hour, Gethsemane,  
Next to greater Calvary !

But, O Silence ! wherefore, tell  
How thy spirit often fell  
On great men and gave them power  
To endure affliction's hour ?  
Or to mount aloft, by thee  
Taught in deep philosophy ?  
For one parent thou of worth  
Unto all the men of earth :  
Thee they seek when they desire  
To enkindle nobler fire.  
Be it ours to seek thy rule,  
Let us learn to love this school.

## L I T T L E N E S S .



'Tis not in size all wonder dwells ;  
Not Himmalaya hills excels ;  
Hills multiplied the mountain make,  
And new are formed when mountains break.  
The greatest men are mostly small ;  
Mind loves the little more than all ;  
The wealthiest ores are fewest found,  
And things most worth less full abound ;  
As if to teach us to descend  
And make the smallest thing our friend.  
And more the weakest is the care  
Of Heaven than mighty tyrants are.  
Then let the small in trust depend,  
And stronger none of these offend.

## TO THE BUTTERFLY.



DARK butterfly! on purple wing,  
To thee I turn and wondering sing!  
Whence drewst thou forth those wealthy dyes?  
And thousands follow where one flies.  
Tell man that troubleth ease and mind,  
Where may he such rich colors find?  
Then shall he stain the pliant woof,  
And hang these glories on his roof.  
Soft-shaded insect, beauty's thought!  
'Tis said, from grovelling worm thou'rt brought;  
Science so speaks, but can not tell  
Who knows to paint the worm so well;  
But thou perhaps canst bid her lend  
Attentive ears, and wisdom send,  
By praising Him who science made,  
And all these robes on thee arrayed.

## TO THE JEWS.

---

HEBREWS ! read the sacred page,  
Surer with increasing age ;  
This declares your destiny,  
This declares ye shall be free.

Hebrews, sighing deep with woe,  
Long 'mid ashes grovelling low ;  
Raise aloft firm Hope's blue eye,  
See your noble destiny !

Hebrews, long your fathers bore  
Pharoah's heavy hand of yore ;  
Moses, called by God's command,  
Led your fathers from his land.

Hebrews ! when th' Assyrian hounds  
Scented over Zion's bounds ;  
Late at night the angel came,  
Breathed his quick devouring flame.

Hebrews ! which of nations stays  
Ever fixed, whom Time obeys ;  
Yielding all his ruinous force,  
When your path arrests his course ?

Hebrews ! whom the prophets sang,  
Lo ! with you has heaven's dome rang ;  
Lo ! with you the pregnant earth  
Throbs awild with glorious birth.

Hebrews ! wake, arise, renewed !  
Beings that have now subdued  
Ages, nations, and shall stand  
Each a monarch in your land.



## JUSTICE AND MERCY.



ABOUT the time when Eden's gloom  
Was sinking down upon the tomb  
Of pristine happiness, there came  
Two spirits of opposing flame,  
And midway over night's domain  
Halted, and converse thus began :  
"What errand art thou on, bright one ?  
What to this sinful orb undone ?  
Hast thou not heard the dreadful tale  
Of fallen earth, a theme to pale  
The roseate hue of cherubim,  
And make angelic glances dim ?  
Mine is to alter all that kind  
Confiding love, from which as blind  
Weak Adam basely turned aside,  
When him the fiend successful plied.  
I've come to curse the earth ; my name  
Avenging Justice ; sharp my flame."  
This heard the other with surprise,

And spake with both her tearful eyes  
Wide oped in deepest tenderness,  
As if they could make Justice less :  
“ But I am come with kinder aim,  
To breathe man peace, for in my name  
Shall he alone repose, and raise  
His glance aloft in prayer and praise.  
Ah ! Justice, then, retire and leave,  
My comfort to the pair that grieve !”

“ Mercy, (for that your title,) no !  
For this I’ve travelled skies, for woe ;  
A law is broken yet again,  
And Satan seems to extend his reign ;  
That others may revere the law,  
Be these accurst ; but thou withdraw.”

“ Ah ! Justice, do not frown so black !  
Remember pangs can not call back  
The former state, nor punishment  
Reverse things done. See, they repent.  
Ah ! quench not in a ruthless night  
This virtue dawning on the sight !  
What answer canst thou bear above  
In telling of their stifled love ?  
And of this earth become a black  
And heartless void ? Oh ! hasten back !”

“ Mercy ! you weary with your sighs ;  
What’s man ? what all his groans and cries ?  
I scorn them in the guilty pair.

Go! give me place. I'll hear no prayer."  
Thus Justice stern, and shook her spear;  
Through man there ran a mortal fear;  
Dismayed, dear Mercy felt the pain,  
And dared not longer plead for man;  
When came a voice: "Let Justice be  
Accomplished on depravity;  
But Mercy stand thou always near;  
'Tis thine to treasure up each tear;  
Man's sighs are thine, his woes and pangs:  
Afar in time deliverance hangs,  
Which when the ages have rolled by,  
To earth shall hasten from the sky."  
Then Mercy sighing took her post,  
Relieved to listen man not lost;  
Thus mingled those opposing wings,  
As Justice strikes, still Mercy sings.

## C O L U M B U S .

---

We trimmed our sails and started with a breeze  
Well filled with shouts of joy ; and gliding trees  
Awhile near shore, we launched at last far out  
Till lost was every tide men knew about ;  
And any where the eye might turn, the sea  
Lay in its calm and boundless majesty.  
Day after day we sailed beneath new skies,  
And all did wonder with their silent eyes  
At the vast ocean that we sailed upon,  
And marvelled when our journey should be done.  
We sailed for weeks, and never met an isle ;  
'Twas cheerless there without a land to smile  
A welcome to us seamen far from home ;  
And "land," we whispered "land ! when will it  
    come ?"  
Thought urged, came forth, and helped me to pursue  
My journey with her teachings ; 'tis not true  
"That all before is sea and no where land,  
Else this unequal earth could never stand.  
Cheer up, my men ! it is a sober tale,  
Round is the earth and balanced : we the veil

Shall draw aside that shuts the world in gloom,  
And give to nations here a wider room."

I saw them cluster by their twos and threes ;  
Sometimes I caught their whispers on the breeze ;  
I was alone ; none but One Eye could mark ;  
Here wrong need not delay until the dark.

But in the open sun, and on the sea,  
Also through conscience and their fear of me,  
And with uncertain knowledge of their path,  
They spared me life and checked their swelling  
wrath.

Thus farther on, and yet there came no land ;  
Then one rose up, and pointed with his hand :  
"Look yonder ! mark ! 'tis sea, 'tis naught but  
sea ;

Look back upon a past immensity.

We labor, friends, t' increase this pilot's fame,  
Or with him perish through an idle dream.

Now let us turn and disobey this chief ;

If he oppose, the tide affords relief ;

If passive, let him live : for think how far

Perchance we sail our only guide a star."

But I ere answer was returned : "Send down  
On this poor wretch your most indignant frown !

How came he here ? I chose a faithful crew,

But one debases, one man blackens you !

As ye do value honor more than life,

Condemn his words and cease from fatal strife.

Your looks are clouds ; but wherefore ? Have I  
led

Your course in dangers ? Have I basely fled  
And left you helpless ? yea, you know no way  
Unless I live and guide you o'er the sea.  
Then learn by this that I am faithful still ;  
I lead to glory and direct from ill ;  
'Tis Heaven that makes our course its constant  
care,

Else how could we have safely come so far ?  
But if a longing after home impels,  
And any thought of this your bosom swells,  
Bear with me yet a little space, and then  
Comes there no land we turn our prows again ;  
Three days vouchsafe : 'twould be a shame to miss  
So noble continent, so near as this."  
They acquiesce and leave with freshening wind  
Their anchorage and mutiny behind ;  
Some signs appear ; a sea-bird cleaves the sky,  
And later floats the watery rockweed by :  
And later still, far far beyond the main  
We catch a glimpse of long-lost land again.  
Thus far our journey. Let me cease to say  
What I received at home from Spain, and lay  
My private griefs before the public eye ;  
My wish was reached, my dear discovery :  
Though nations offer tardy laurels, yet  
All sorrow in this new world I forget.

## ADAM AT EVE'S GRAVE.



THE eye of day is shut : the gentle stars  
Beam in the summer air, and the new moon  
Glimmers upon the western sky's far verge ;  
When Adam sat, Adam an old man now,  
Far from that towering form of gracious strength  
With which he guided Eve, in happy times  
When sin was yet unknown, and God was wont  
To walk beneath the noon ; or at the hour  
Of mellow twilight cool ; or such as now  
Aside the timorous moon, or when she rode  
Queenlier the middle sky. Ah ! blissful time,  
Too blissful now for saddened memory,  
As faint she drags along the present woes  
With backward eye of tears. Oh ! shall there be  
Ever such calm again for mortal life,  
Such quiet happy scenes and holy thoughts,  
Such walks, such innocence ! So Adam wept.

He rises and with memory of Eve,  
(For he recalls her as she oft was seen

Under the skies of Eden near some shrub,  
Or by the stream which gently glided through  
That paradise,) he seeks the hallowed spot  
Where she was laid, called earlier from the earth.  
“Dear Eve!” as soon the mound appeared, “my  
life !

Thou, thou art gone ; thou travellest now the dark  
Unutterable realms of which no tongue  
Can find a word of knowledge, which no thought  
Can penetrate, even from that wild hour  
When fell beneath his brother's hand our son.  
Freshly thy hillock blooms with simple flowers ;  
Freshly the long grass groweth over thee ;  
And sits familiar as it were no spot  
Of treasured grief, the various-throated bird  
High on her bough and chants her mellow song.  
But thou, if thou hadst never died, O Eve !  
If we had never ate nor disobeyed,  
Mightst still have sung with voice of changeless  
power,

And kept thy youth forever, with no fear  
Of outward nature sinking with decay,  
Or of a coming tempest, or disease,  
And least of such as this, a silent grave.  
Ah ! truthful were the heavenly guides we had,  
And most untruthful he, the envious mar  
Of all our joy !” Thus Adam sad in thought  
Leaned motionless, those earlier memories



Reviewing once again, so oft recalled  
Since driven from their scenes ; while Eve remained

They had not all been lost, for in her eye  
Were still reflected angel companies  
At which she tended, and within her grace  
The grace appeared of all those airy things  
That moved in joyance there, and in her voice  
Were recollected heavenly harmonies.

So during sorrow she had been to him  
A lingering Eden, melancholy touched,  
A dear associate : but now both lost  
To him was left of all his former joys  
But God alone ; He, though averted, kind :  
To Him he lifts accustomed prayer and longs  
To fly these griefs, and at his Father's hands  
Find, as he thinks did Eve, compassionate love.

Close by stood Abel's mound, the ruined pile  
On which his lamb lay bleeding, ruins now,  
Then firm and stately reared as fit to hold  
The sacrifice of God : o'er this, the youth  
Fell stricken, first of men a corpse, for whom  
Till now an universal pity throbs,  
And universal wrath is hurled at Cain,  
The prime destroyer : spotless was thy life,  
Thou slaughtered youth ! obedient was thy death,  
Resistless to thy murderer, lest the stain  
Lie doubly on you both, in double hate

And equal ruin ! He was driven forth  
With punishment, but thou in quiet slept :  
His sentence went beyond his strength : his face  
Men called a shame, a vagabond on earth  
Cain lived, and human laws evaded him.

Abel was laid beneath his altar's stones :  
He slain lay close to Eve. Their two still graves  
Were gently brushed by passing evening airs,  
And noticed by the moon between the boughs ;  
Till Adam rose to go, as oft he had  
After long hours with solitary thought  
And melancholy recollections spent.

But when I saw him leave, ere he was gone,  
I could not hinder my full clamorous thoughts,  
From thus addressing : " Father, first of men,  
Before thou goest, hear me say what things  
Have moved my breast long since," and when he  
stopped,

I thus continued : " First wast thou in time,  
Beholding nature and the moral world  
With purity of sight ; thou didst commune  
With bright celestials ; even God was known  
To thee in counsel and confiding love :  
And thou hadst Eve ere mortal days were come,  
Ye both immortal then ; and of the stars  
And things in earth, though now forgot, thou  
knewest

The many secret laws ; and last at noon

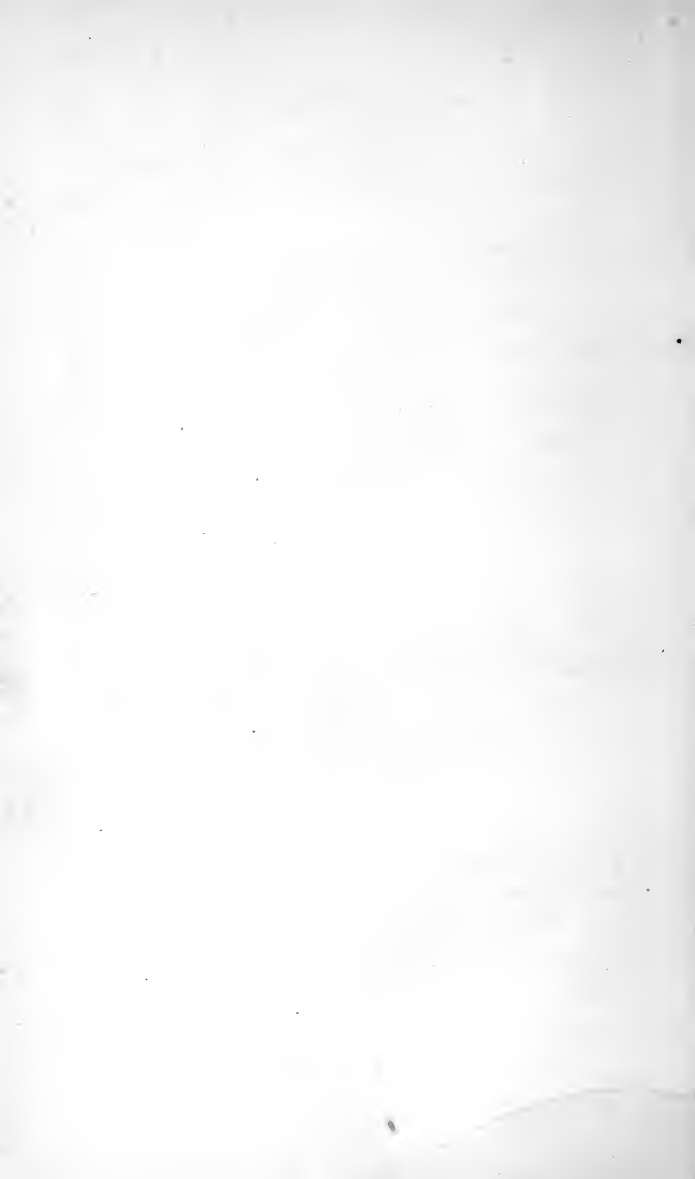
When thou and she were plucking of fair fruit,  
With no concerning hand or careful thought,  
Then came the blight to happiness and thee,  
The thrill of sin inbreathed in guardless ears  
By one beside the ears ; his poison marred  
That holy quiet Eden and on Time  
Laid weight amid his wings' swollen purple veins ;  
Next came the awful questioning of Him  
At cool of evening, hitherto to meet  
Urged by the prompting soul, but now to shun  
Kept back by her throbbing with sin and woe.  
Then awfulest fell the curse ; and saddest at  
The farewell gates the parting made with joy  
In company of stern and flaming swords  
And purity of angels, by the fall  
Rendered too keen for presence to the flesh :  
And last the still lone undiscovered world,  
Plains, rivers, mountains, and the settling night  
On every side round you and Eve, with fear  
Of what unknown and frightful punishment  
Might lurk in execution of the curse.  
Now Eve is gently sleeping, Abel's calm,  
Is there no yearning for the quiet grave,  
O sorrowful Father ! lonely many years ?"

He with his aged tremulous voice replied :  
" Consider me the oldest of mankind,  
Whose years stretch through a thousand gloomy  
shades

Of human life, for life is grief though joy  
Takes sometimes transient peep ; and think how  
full

Even to brokenness my heart has been  
With suffering and woe endured by those  
I should have guarded to a sinless birth :  
And think though fallen once, I do not love  
This giant sin that stalks along the world,  
This pictured pleasure where a gloom invests  
All hearts, nor lend a careless hand to bring  
The guilt of man's debasement into play :  
Nor have a hard, unpitying breast to grief,  
Their heritage through me : on these reflect,  
And fear with me my sighs go vainly up  
For mercy on my children, broken wide  
On earth's laborious face ; and as for me,  
But that I know in watching Eve that hour,  
Her last of life, that she was pitied then,  
By God compassionate, I now might fear  
To lift a prayer for mercy ; but from her  
I draw a consolation, and at night  
Still falls anew the comfort on my soul  
In meditation watching by her grave :  
Therefore I have a hope, 'tis more, a faith  
Of free forgiveness whensoever from flesh  
I stand released ; and so I long to go."











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